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BY EMMA GELDERS STERNE

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WHITE SWALLOW

BY EMMA GELDERS STERNE

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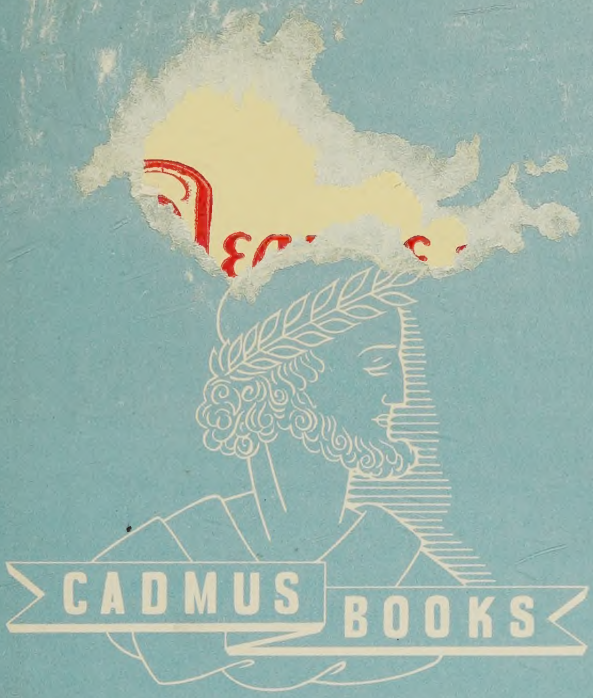
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BOOKS

WHITE SWALLOW

BY EMMA GELDERS STERNE

Author of
"Amarantha Gay, M. D."
"Blue Pigeons"

Little Bear was very brave. All Indian boys are taught to be brave. He was also very kind. White Swallow was his little sister. She was named for a bird that lived outside the tepee. Little Bear wanted to give her a present. There were no stores where he lived. So he could not buy a present. He decided to make one. He made a wooden doll for his little sister.

Little Bear loved the birds and animals of the forest. One time he got lost in the woods. He walked and walked. He couldn't find his way out. Then he saw a little friend. It wasn't a boy or girl. Can you guess what it was? The little friend helped him to find his way home.

Lone Pine was the chief of the tribe. One time he was wounded with an arrow. He had to have medicine. Little Bear was a better swimmer than any of the others. He went to get the medicine. He had to walk and swim a long distance. Little Bear got the medicine and came back very quickly. Lone Pine got well. He was pleased with Little Bear. He rewarded him in the finest way he could. If you were an Indian you would like this kind of reward.

* *

WHITE SWALLOW

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WHITE SWALLOW

By

EMMA GELDERS STERNE

With pictures by

EDNA E. POTTER

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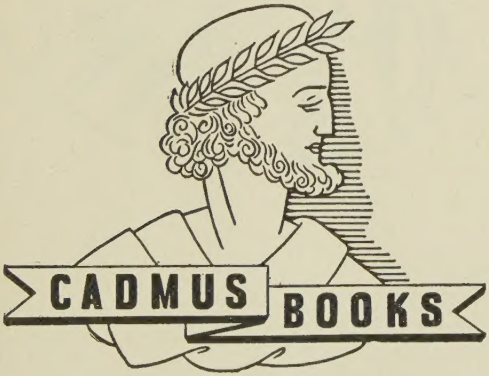

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To the memory of

THOMAS FISK

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WHITE SWALLOW

WHITE SWALLOW

Chapter I

Once upon a time in the particularly long ago, when America lay shining in the sunlight waiting to be discovered, (and Christopher Columbus not even born,) there was a tossing blue ocean, and beyond the water a beach of gleaming sand and, beyond the sand, a green and purple hill, and high upon the hill, an Indian boy, named Little Bear. He lived in a big brown tepee with his

father and mother. Over the hill and down in the valley were other tepees and other Indian boys, but Little Bear had lived all his life (and that was a pretty long time for he was nine years old) on the green and purple hilltop overlooking the sea.

When he was a baby, a little papoose bound to his mother's back, his father had made the tepee of three tall hickory boughs bent like arches and fastened together with thongs of a deer, and covered with skins of a deer. His mother, whose name was Raven Wing, had painted the deer

skin with strange and beautiful patterns. She had made for

Little Bear a little suit of deer skin, and another for his father, very much bigger.

His father was called Great Wind because when he ran, it seemed as if the wind passed

by. Great Wind was the messenger for the big chief in the village and often went on journeys beyond the valley and beyond the hills. Sometimes he went on snow shoes, when icy winter covered the country. Sometimes he went by water, paddling his canoe. But always he returned to the tepee on the hilltop, and Little Bear, listening until he heard the crackle of his footstep in the forest, would leave his play and run to meet his father.

One day, in the almost Spring, when the maple sap was flowing, and the pearly-eyed arbutus hiding beneath

small drifts of snow, Great Wind returned from a long journey, and Little Bear ran to meet him, crying: "In the tepee is a little baby sister."

Great Wind was a silent man but with his eyes he showed his pleasure.

"What shall her name be?" asked Little Bear eagerly.

"As we walk to the tepee a name will run before us," answered Great Wind.

So they walked through the woods where the Spring was almost coming. Across their path scampered a grey squirrel.

"Shall her name be Grey Squirrel?" cried Little Bear.

"No," answered Great Wind, "for the squirrel chatters, and that would be unseemly in a little Indian maiden."

In the distance they heard the lumbering of a big moose.

"Shall we name her for the moose, or maybe for the red deer?" asked Little Bear anxiously.

"No, those are names for a great noble warrior, not for a papoose crying in the tepee."

"Name her Growing Flower, for it is almost Spring."

"Little Bear is impatient," answered Great Wind kindly.

Just then, Great Wind saw a bird he had never seen be-

fore. It was shaped like a swallow, but instead of having black wings and brown head shining garnet in the sunlight, the bird was white,—pure white. Like a bit of snow left from winter it looked, against the black trees, and like a cloud, flying overhead.

"She is building her nest in the old hollow beach tree—see, Little Bear, the white swallow. —Run and fetch some grains of corn to feed the welcome stranger. We have found a name for the little baby sister. We will call her White Swallow!"

And they did.

Chapter II

All through the spring days, the swallow built her nest in the hollow tree trunk and tended her eggs. And Raven Wing tied the papoose in her cradle to the tree, and the swallow sang her a very pretty lullaby.

Raven Wing and Great Wind worked hard getting food. Every morning Great Wind took his arrows and went into the forests and every evening brought home squirrels and rabbits and sometimes a red

deer. Raven Wing dug in the earth with a big sea shell, and patted down the earth around the grains of corn. She gathered the wild rice that grew in the valley and leaves of the flag lilies to weave for a bed.

And Little Bear helped every one. He sang to the baby when the birds were still. He dug in the cool earth with a shell like his mother's. He followed Great Wind into the woodland, quietly, quietly lest the little animals grow frightened and run away.

But all the while, his thoughts were elsewhere, for in

Little Bear's mind was a great idea. He thought: "White Swallow is only a papoose in her cradle but when the summer days follow after Spring, as the cornstalks follow the seeds in the ground, then the little papoose will be loosed from her cradle, and go crawling and sprawling around. She must have a doll."

So he went to Great Wind and asked him to make White Swallow a doll.

"Wait until the winter when my hands are idle," answered Great Wind, as he hastened to the forest.

Then Little Bear went to

Raven Wing and asked her to make White Swallow a doll.

"No, for I am busy," answered Raven Wing, as she bent to her planting.

Then Little Bear ran to the papoose, swinging in the tree, and he whispered.

"Never mind, White Swallow, I will make you a doll."

First he found a hickory stick as round as his arm. Patiently he peeled the skin until it was smooth as an apple, a pale green apple shining in the sun, and he left it, lying in the grass, in the sun.

He played in the meadow while the hickory stick was

drying, played with a wild dog, played with a humming bird, found some pretty stones, and bits of greying moss, laughed with the baby swinging in the tree, danced with a butterfly making funny shadows. Then he remembered his doll-stick drying in the sun.

He carried it in to the fire. It was his mother's fire burning in the tepee, a very small fire, of very hot wood. Little Bear had seen his father fashion a canoe with fire. He had seen his mother mold the shapes of wooden bowls. He knew just how to make the doll. Carefully he marked a neck-line

with a sharp shell. He held it to the fire till it burned quite black. Then he scraped off the charred part and burned a little deeper.

"Scrunch, scrunch," said the shell, scraping off the burnt part.

"Sizzle, sizzle," said the fire, burning off some more.

Little Bear worked all day until the hickory stick had changed into a doll, with the head of a doll, and the neck of a doll and the straight strong body of a wooden doll. He was very proud but he hid it in the bushes and said nothing.

The next morning he thought, "The doll must have eyes to see White Swallow, and a mouth to call White Swallow. I will paint the eyes with the juices Great Wind pressed from the plants last autumn, and the mouth shall be red with the lobelia flower by the brook."

As he ran to the brook he found a downy feather, a soft blue feather from a blue bird's wing. He tied it to the doll's head with a bit of grass, and wove a little skirt of broad-leaved rushes.

Little Bear was very proud but he said nothing until evening, when the sun was hur-

Little Bear brought the doll and put it into her hands.

rying beyond the hills to rest, and Raven Wing brought White Swallow into the warm tepee, and unloosed her brown soft arms. Then Little Bear brought the doll and put it into her hands.

The baby took it, and she looked at its eyes and red mouth and feather from the blue bird's wing, and then she screwed up her little baby face and laughed. It was the first time White Swallow had ever laughed.

Chapter III

Then Great Wind smiled too, and said: "Little Bear has made White Swallow a present. I will make Little Bear a present. I will make him a bow to carry in the forest, and arrows to shoot from the bow."

And Raven Wing said: "I will make him a quiver for his arrows."

When the bow was finished and the arrows in their quiver Little Bear followed Great Wind to the forest. He would walk quietly when they were in the

pine covered paths of the forest, but on the way he sang a song.

"Brother Squirrel, I am coming
with a sturdy bow;
No longer Little Bear, the
friendly one,
But a hunter with a bow;
Run, Brother Squirrel, hide in
the tree trunk.

Furry Rabbit, I am coming
with a stone-tipped arrow,
No longer bringing sweet roots
for you;
Run, Furry Rabbit, run from
my stone-tipped arrow
And my supple bow.

Fly away, friendly birds,
I am Little Bear, the killer,
With my bow and arrows."

But the squirrel chattered at his feet, and the rabbit cocked his pink ears and sat upon his haunches, and the tame white swallow hopped and fluttered by his side.

Great Wind said: "They do not fear the mighty hunter!"

Little Bear answered shyly, "These are my companions; I will shoot strangers in the forest," and he fed the bird grains of half-ripe corn.

But just as they entered the silent leafy forest, Black Wolf,

the warrior, came running up the hillside from the village calling out repeatedly:

"Great Wind, Great Wind—Chief Lone Pine calls his messenger."

Great Wind raised his arm to show that he had heard. Then he turned to Little Bear and bade him run to the tepee so that Raven Wing might at once prepare what was needed for a journey.

Little Bear found Raven Wing digging in the rows of corn, but she dropped her shell, and, slinging White Swallow's cradle across her shoulders, hurried to the tepee to start

Great Wind on his journey. Arrows he must have, and cakes made of dried corn, and a gourd to drink from.

Black Wolf brought presents to be carried to the Chieftain far to the North and West, over the Great River, where the purple cliffs sweep down. He said he would go a little way with Great Wind, and Little Bear wished very much to go too, but Great Wind said:

"You must stay and be the hunter and the warrior and protector for White Swallow and your mother."

Then Little Bear stood very straight, and proudly waved

farewell until the two men had passed quite out of sight, while Raven Wing tended her fire and the little papoose played on the ground with her pretty wooden doll.

Chapter IV

The half ripe corn grew large and yellow, and the wild grapes hung purple on the vines, and still Great Wind had not returned. However, the little family had not lacked for food. They had many fruits and roasted cakes of ground corn, and often Little Bear brought home partridge from the meadows, and, once, a nice fat possum.

But one day they had no meat to cook, so Raven Wing decided to go down to the sea-

shore to try to find lobsters washed in by the tide. She took White Swallow, who was quite a large, smiling child by now, hugging her doll. And Little Bear took his bow and arrow, and pattered ahead through the tall grasses, and stiff brown cat tails, on to the curving beach with its shining strip of sand.

It was not a broad beach but a very lovely one, with a sheltered nook on one side where Great Wind had fastened his canoe, and a long rocky arm carelessly flung out into the blue sound.

Raven Wing tied her skirt

up and waded out to catch lobsters while Little Bear and White Swallow played upon the sands with the doll. The tide was going out, and White Swallow laughed as the water came slipping over her little brown toes, and crept away again.

By and by Little Bear felt hungry, and went to the point where the waves often brought clams in and left them on the rocks. Little Bear crawled out, grunting, for the rocks were covered with barnacles, and sharp. All at once he saw something floating on the water and heard White Swallow's wail as she missed her doll.

"Be silent, little one," he called, "I will get it for you."

He waded in the cold water to try to reach the doll. But the tide was receding swiftly and the doll bobbed up and down out of Little Bear's reach.

Then Little Bear remembered his father's canoe, tied to an overhanging tree in the cove. Thinking only of the doll, bobbing limply on the water, and never of the danger to a little boy in a canoe; not stopping to ask his mother, not stopping for a paddle, he untied the deer thong and slipped into the bow. Lightly over the water,

Swiftly with outgoing tide the canoe carried Little Bear.

swiftly with outgoing tide, the canoe carried Little Bear.

Too late, he cried out. When Raven Wing saw him the canoe had passed beyond the point of sunken rocks, into deep water, and looked more like a great gull resting on the waves than like a canoe drifting out to sea.

Little Bear tried hard to be brave. The day was clear and mild, with clouds like great geese floating overhead. Little Bear could see the land, at first quite clearly, with his mother crying and lifting up her arms, then more faintly, so that the strip of sand was like a deer

thong with brown beads on it, and the trees, a crumpled line of green.

A wisp of smoke rose from the distant village. When Little Bear saw the smoke, it reminded him of the smell of hot stones parching corn, and singed meat cooked on a long pronged stick, and he almost cried for hunger. But of course Indian boys are very brave and never cry, even if they are hungry, and lost, and alone. Not quite alone, for as the sky grew pink and yellow and at last, gray, with the long evening twilight, a beautiful water-

fowl flew low, and settled on the bow of the canoe.

Little Bear loved all birds and animals and was happy with his new companion. Soon the wind died down, and the sea became quite still, and when the "night sun" as Little Bear called the moon, came out, it shone down on a gently rocking canoe and a little boy, cuddled in the bottom, fast asleep.

Chapter V

Now there is this about tides. They go out swiftly, but a few hours later, the little waves come creeping shyly back upon the shore. Higher and higher up the sands they come, bearing with them all the things that float.

Raven Wing knew about the habit of the waters and she waited all the night through, hoping the canoe would return, bringing back her little boy. But morning came, and the incoming tide, and fish and the

shells of fish, and White Swallow's doll—(how she crowed and laughed to have it in her arms again!)—But no canoe was to be seen. Then Raven Wing sorrowfully returned to her tepee, waiting for the day when Great Wind would return, and dreading the day when Great Wind would return, because Little Bear would not be there to meet him.

But Little Bear was not harmed. The canoe drifted all night with the sleeping boy, gently driven by a south wind far down the sound, and with the incoming tide was swept ashore. So that when he

opened his eyes, sleepily forgetting for a moment all that had happened to him, Little Bear was astonished to find himself caught in the marshes with grass growing around his canoe as far as he could see.

He rubbed his eyes and looked about him. The sun shone brightly on the waving grasses, and his eye was caught by a gleam of white in the reeds. It was a duck's nest with four eggs in it. Little Bear remembered suddenly that he was a very hungry boy. He lost no time in wading over and helped himself, suck-

ing the eggs through a hole which he made in the shell.

Feeling very much better after his breakfast, Little Bear began to be quite pleased with his adventure, thinking what he would have to tell when he reached his home. Little did he dream how far from home he really was.

He thought—"I must get out of the marsh and look around for the nearest way to the tepee on the hill."

Seeing no way to take the canoe, he decided to leave it for a later day, and pulling it as far up the marsh as he could (which wasn't far at all,

because after all he was only a little boy) he made sure that his bow and quiver of arrows were firmly about his shoulder, and started off. Walking was pretty slow, for the grasses were taller than he, and as he bent them apart, they often flew back in his eyes. But he went on expecting soon to see familiar signs, and the smoke of his own village.

By the time he had reached the end of the marshes the sun was high in the sky and Little Bear began to think about lunch. Ripe grapes festooned the trees and Little Bear nimbly climbed to a low branch, and

sat there eating gaily. He spied wild turnips growing un-

derneath the tree, the heart-shaped leaves half hidden by a rock. He pulled them up and

nibbled at the tender root. Then he found a little brook where he could drink, his hands cupped up, (for he carried no drinking gourd on his journey).

Then he heard a rustle in the leaves, and quickly taking an arrow from his quiver, sent it through the trees. Running in that direction he proudly picked up a fine big squirrel, with his arrow in its throat. He tied it to his belt, thinking how it would please his mother that night.

Chapter VI

He walked on toward the afternoon sun; through leafy forests where familiar birds sang to him and playful squirrels threw nuts in his path; over hills so like his own that he expected at every turn to see the smoke of his mother's fire. But the sun went down, and darkness crept around him, and the earth became alive with the sounds of evening, and still the little boy had not found his home.

At last he sat down to rest,

and watched the stars come out, one by one—first pale sprites that twinkled a moment and were gone, then out again, like children playing hide and seek—then great limpid pink and purple stars that seemed like old familiar friends. Little Bear was glad to see the stars come in their appointed places. They made him feel less alone.

He thought: "The fires of the sky are my friends."

And there in the grass he saw the twinkle of the fire flies. He remembered a strange story he had heard at the council rock in his own village, how man first got fire from the fire

flies, long, long, ago. Now Little Bear had been taught how to get fire from two willow sticks, and he thought:

"A fire of my own would be a friendly thing, and I have heard my father say it keeps the wolves away, and if I had a fire I could cook the squirrel that I killed. I will make a fire."

But he could not keep back a little sob when he remembered how he wanted to take that squirrel home to his mother. (But only a little sob, with only the crickets to hear.)

Then he started to make a fire. First he found a strong

willow stick and with his stone tipped arrow cut a notch in it. Then he took another stick and, humming a little song, began to rub it through the notch. He rubbed and rubbed, and sure enough after a few moments he saw a spark. Quickly he ran to get some tiny bits of wood to feed the spark, and make it grow into a fire. But while he was gone the spark died.

Little Bear was very tired and would have given up entirely if he had not heard a sound that might have been the baying of a wolf far away. Then he knew he must have

a fire to protect himself, so he rubbed harder than before and when he had a spark, quickly fed it with tiny bits of wood until it grew into a flame, and then with larger wood until the flames made a pleasant glow of light that seemed to shelter Little Bear.

He roasted bits of squirrel meat on a long stick and they tasted better than anything he had ever eaten before. And a nice big old frog hopped from under a gray stone and came up beside him, looking so important the little boy laughed aloud. He pulled a large dead branch into the fire and piled

stones about it, as he had seen the hunters do, so the fire would not run away, and sat looking into the flames until his head began to nod and his eyes to close sleepily.

And the next thing Little Bear knew, he was looking into the face of the morning sun. His fire was burnt out, but it had kept him warm and safe all the night.

"Ho! Sun!" called Little Bear, "You were out early but I was out before you, because I have been here the whole night through!"

He laughed and thought how many things he would have to

tell his mother, and that made him anxious to get home again. So picking up his bow and arrow, and not even stopping for breakfast he started running on his way.

But he had not gone far when he was startled to find himself on a steep cliff, and far below a great stream of water. But this was not like the sea—Little Bear had never seen such still gray water nor so steep a cliff. He could see the smoke of fires far down the river's edge; he did not wait to ask the way but turned and ran away.

He went northward along

a grassy meadow until he came to a clump of wild plum trees. A blue jay called an invitation which Little Bear was not slow to answer. He was an agile climber, and soon was straddling a branch, and picking plums with both hands. From his perch in the tree, he could see a brook and, climbing down, ran to it for a swim. When, from the bank he saw many fish in the clear water, he wriggled on his stomach quietly to the water's edge, and skillfully slipping his hand underneath a spotted perch, brought it up, flapping in the sunshine.

Then he thought himself a very fine fellow indeed, and as he built a little fire to cook the fish he sang a song:

"I am Little Bear, the great hunter!
Alone in the forest I build my fire
And I kill my food,
Not Black Wolf, the warrior,
Not Silver Voice, the magician,
Not Lone Pine, the chieftain
Has a fish like Little Bear."

Chapter VII

The shadows had turned before Little Bear started off again on his journey. He walked swiftly, eager to find his home before dark. But the sun had hardly gone down, leaving the sky all streaked with gold, when the boy found himself on the banks of another river.

Poor Little Bear did not know what to do. He had never heard of an island where still gray water stretches on every side; nor indeed of any land, except his own, which he

began to believe he would never see again. Sorrowfully he turned away and this time forgot to be brave at all, but walked on, sobbing through the woods.

A woodchuck scurried across his path. A spotted thrush began its evening song. A flock of wild geese, flying south, flapped overhead. A breathless brown rabbit escaping from a fox dropped at his feet. But Little Bear saw nothing as he wearily trudged into the dim forest.

Suddenly he gave a cry of pain. He had stepped into a rabbit trap set by some strange

hunter. The cunningly intertwined deer thongs held his foot so that he could not move. Then he kneeled down and tried to break the trap but it was very strong and he could not see the knots.

But though Little Bear did not guess it, help was near at hand. The hunter who had set the trap was an old hermit living in a nearby cave. He heard the little boy's cry as he sat at the door of his cave. Taking a pine stick from his fire for a torch he made his way as quickly as he could to the spot where Little Bear was trapped.

Little Bear saw the moving torch coming toward him and cried out "Help me, help me." The old man answered in words that Little Bear could not understand because he belonged to another tribe and different Indian tribes speak different languages, but when he came close enough to be seen the old man made the sign for "I am your friend. I will help you." He made this in sign language which all Indians understand.

The old man unloosed the trap so skillfully that Little Bear was not hurt at all. He might, at any other time, have

been frightened at the sight of the bent old man leaning on a staff, his copper colored skin painted over with curious figures in blue and red, his face wrinkled and his eyes half blind, but now he knelt thankfully at his feet.

The old man raised him up and said:

"The spirit of the forest has sent me a companion in my loneliness," and gently led the little boy to his cave.

At the door of the cave a fire burned, and the old man signed to Little Bear to warm himself, and he brought him rice cakes and honey to eat.

Then he asked him his name and whence he had come. And Little Bear told him what he could, but he did not know much of the sign language for he was not old enough to have sat around the council rock to hear the tribal councils. He pointed to the east and the hermit understood that the sea had brought Little Bear to the island, though he could not tell him how to reach his home.

He led Little Bear into the cave and embraced him to show how glad he was to welcome him. Then he drew from one corner sweet smelling dried pine boughs for a bed, and

Little Bear lay down and soon was asleep, dreaming of Raven Wing and little White Swallow and Great Wind on a journey; and forgetting in his dream that he was on a far journey, and far away from home.

Chapter VIII

The hermit had gone out into the forest when Little Bear woke up the next morning. He jumped up and looked about. The cave in which he found himself was a large one, and on its walls were drawn many figures such as Little Bear had never seen—figures of buffaloes and deer, of the coyote and the owl and all the little animals. There were pictures of the warriors and the hunters of the tribe and of the gods of the winds and the sun

and the moon, all drawn on the walls of the cave. While Little Bear was examining the pictures the old man returned.

He led the little boy around the cave, explaining the pictures, nodding his head and murmuring strange words in the language Little Bear could not understand. Then he took a piece of very hard stone, sharper pointed than an arrowhead, and, motioning the little boy to watch him, began to draw a forest, just some lines drawn close together.

Then some lines that were a rabbit trap, and then to Little Bear's great delight some

lines that grew to be a little boy—Little Bear himself, lost in the forest.

And the old man made signs that said, "Winter is coming. Soon it will be snowing. Stay with me and be my grandson."

Little Bear, for answer, took the sharp stone and drew on the wall of the cave. He could not draw fine pictures like the old man, but he drew a bow and arrow, and rabbits and a red deer, to show that he would kill food for the old man, and stay with him for the winter. But he also drew a tepee away upon a hilltop to show he meant to find

his home when spring should come.

Then the old man brought breakfast, and showed Little Bear all his treasures, wampum beads and bear skins, and marvelous bowls of baked clay. He led the boy to a clear cool brook and showed him trees with ripening nuts. And when they walked in the forest, the red bird sang on, unafraid, and the squirrels chattered in their path, for the animals knew the old man and his companion to be friends of all the forest. The hermit was very wise. He knew where the sweetest nuts would fall and where the

bees hid their honey. He knew what herbs and roots were poison and which were good to eat; and he knew strange herbs and plants that were powerful to heal and cure.

Little Bear grew to understand the language of the hermit, and from the boy the wise old man learned the language of Little Bear's tribe; and when the long dark nights of winter came, the hermit told Little Bear many stories. He seldom left his cave, as the days grew colder but sat cross-legged by the fire and molded bowls of clay with skillful fingers. Little

Bear would go into the forest, seeking food, following the faint foot prints of rabbits in the snow. He would hurry back through the gray light of early evening, and prepare the food, while the old man told him stories.

He told him all the history of his tribe, how they had gone a-wandering, had set off in big canoes, seeking richer hunting grounds. Told him all the legends and sang him songs of war and battles. Told him all the ways of the forest and the stories of the forest that his grandmother knew before him:—how the fox got his tail

and the blue jay his top knot, how the brown bear lost his bushy tail. Told him why the birds fly south in winter, and how the swallows will return each year to the nests that they have left.

"Even white swallows?" asked the little boy. And the hermit nodded wisely.

Chapter IX

"I will tell you," said the old man one night," how the birds happened to be."

The little boy put fresh pine cones on the fire till it blazed up brightly, filling the cave with warmth, and drew near to listen.

"When the earth was young, there stood a forest, silent, without a bird. The sun shone on the trees and the little leaves turned their faces to the sun. The gentle summer breezes blew and the leaves

fluttered gaily, dancing and whispering together. But a little apart on a hilltop stood a tall dark pine tree. It was taller than all the other trees of the forest and was stiff and proud, because it could see over the heads of the other trees to the wide world beyond the forest.

"The pine tree boasted so loudly of all it could see that the leaves of the other trees began to be unhappy and sigh, for a glimpse of this marvelous world beyond the forest.

"'Ridiculous,' said the haughty pine. 'You are only fit to look at the ground.'

"Now Kabinooka, keeper of the northwind decided to take a journey. He mounted his white horse to visit the earth, and rode from the skyland one autumn day.

"The pine tree saw his steed from afar, and said harshly.

" 'If you could see what I see you would know that winter is near.'

"The leaves of the oak tree and maple and ash tree shivered and trembled at this news. For they knew that when Kabinooka rides through the forest he leaves bare branches in his path, on all the trees except

the pine who can see him coming and bend out of his way.

"But the trembling leaves were not the only ones to hear the pine trees' news. The big chief of the fairies was holding a council in the pleasant shade of the great oak tree. The fairies stood around or leaned against the friendly outspread roots, feasting on honey sipped from red clover and discussing the affairs of state.

"When the Fairy Chief Wah-wah-tay-se saw how sorrowful were the leaves of the trees he determined to help them. He clapped his hands and made

Kabinooka, riding furiously on his snowy steed.

fairy signs. Quick as a flash each fairy took off his wings.

"Just then they heard a roar and Kabinooka entered the forest, riding furiously on his snowy steed. He shook the trees so roughly that the little leaves fluttered wildly to the ground.

"But as each leaf touched the earth a fairy clapped his wings upon it, and it turned into a bird.

" 'Now,' cried the fairy chief, 'you may all fly off to see the world.'

"And they flew as swiftly as they could away from the northwind, singing with happi-

ness. But when the warm breezes came, the birds remembered their homes and flew back to the forest.

"Though there were new leaves on the trees, the birds settled in their branches and nested the summer through. But no birds came to the haughty pine, standing on the hilltop, boasting that it could see the world."

"Do you know a story of any other little boy lost like I am?" asked Little Bear.

The old man thought a moment and then he began:—

"A long time ago when animals and men spoke the same

language, a little boy wandered away from his home and would have perished in the forest had not a kind old Mother Bear taken pity on him. She carried the little lost boy into her cave where he lived with her cubs. They stayed in the cave all winter, very warm and cozy with plenty of nuts and honey to eat. One day when winter was almost over, the mother bear snuffed the air in alarm—'I smell a hunter,' she cried.

"And she took a great long bramble branch from a corner of the cave and pushed it through the mouth of the cave and when the hunter came

close she moved the branch back and forth in front of him so that he thought he was in a bramble patch and went away lest he be scratched and torn.

"So the bears and the little boy were safe for a while.

"But the next day the old Mother Bear heard the barking of a wild dog, and knew another hunter to be near.

"This time she waited until she heard the coming dogs and then she threw a bundle of feathers into the air and the dogs ran this way and that, thinking the feathers were partridges. So the bears and the

little boy were again left in safety.

"But the next day the old bear saw a hunter approaching—

"'Surely we will be eaten this time,' she cried, 'for the hunter is the big chief and he is too wise to be fooled by a bramble branch and a bundle of feathers'—nevertheless she thrust out the bramble branch; but the chief only pushed it aside. Then she poured a bundle of feathers in the air, but the hunter whistled to his dogs and they made straight for the cave.

"Just as he raised his bow

to shoot, the little boy ran out of the cave crying, 'Hunter, hunter, do not shoot the bears'.

"The chief looked up at the sound of the familiar voice and beheld his son. When he had heard the kindness of the bears, he put them under his protection so that they were never frightened by hunters any more!"

Chapter X

The winter wore away, pleasantly enough for the old man and little boy alone in the snowy forest, until one day in the almost spring, Little Bear went out with his bow and arrow to find some food. The snow was still white on the northern side of the hill, and the day was bitter cold, but the little boy knew it was almost spring because the maple sap was flowing.

He ran merrily along, watching for a rabbit or squirrel to

shoot with his bow and arrow. At last he saw a flutter, a movement in the bushes. He raised his bow and would have shot but suddenly he saw the flashing of a white wing in the sunlight. In the bush before him was the white swallow. She had come up from the south and was resting on her journey.

Little Bear remembered what the hermit had told him, how the swallow returns each year to the same nest.

He said: "She is going home. She is going to the beech tree by the tepee on the hilltop.

Wait, little bird, wait! I want to go with you!"

The bird was startled by the sound of Little Bear's voice. She fluttered for a moment from tree to tree, then poised herself for flight. As she set off to the northward, Little Bear forgot the hermit—forgot everything except the tepee on the hilltop, and ran as swiftly as he could after the gray, moving shadow in the sky.

Once more the swallow came down to rest, upon a dogwood tree, and sat daintily pecking at the berries left hanging. While she rested, Little Bear came panting up. The bird

The little bird hopped in the snow,
no longer afraid.

was startled and would have flown away but the little boy scattered grains of corn, which he always carried with him, and the little bird hopped in the snow at his feet, no longer afraid.

By and by the bird flew on, the little boy following as best he could until he came once more to the banks of the river. The waters were no longer gray and moving, but glistened in the sunlight, with a thick covering of ice.

Little Bear could see the swallow flying above the other bank. Bravely he put his foot on the ice . . . It held. The

other foot . . . Still safe . . . With a cry of joy he ran across the river and scrambled up the bank on the other side.

On, on went the brave boy, eager to find his home once more. The sun had passed overhead and was swiftly descending in the western sky. Little Bear was tired but he dared not stop to rest. The white swallow was far away now, only a gray spot in a graying sky. At last she was lost to his sight entirely and Little Bear stopped, uncertain where to go.

Just then far off, on a hilltop he saw a wisp of smoke

against the dark pine trees. Little Bear ran breathlessly toward it, afraid to hope that this could be the end of his long journey.

Quietly he crept on, until, unseen in the darkness, he beheld Great Wind and Raven Wing and little White Swallow all in the tepee warming by the fire.

And outside in the beech tree the little bird cuddled snugly in last year's nest.

How they welcomed Little Bear! How they cried out at his coming! How they fed him and warmed him and questioned him about his travels!

Little Bear told all his story and Great Wind proudly spoke:

"We will take him to the council rock, we will give him a new name. He shall be called Little Bear the Traveller."

And Raven Wing said,

"We will seek out the old man and carry gifts to him in the forest."

But White Swallow smiled at Little Bear and said whatever Indian babies say when they are pleased.

Chapter XI

When spring came, Little Bear found many things to do. All his favorite places must be revisited: the copse where grew the blue anemones, the marshes where the reeds and wild iris sprouted lusty shoots, to be gathered for Raven Wing's weaving; the brushwood on the hill where partridge eggs were hid; lastly the seaside, with its white pebbles and much prized fish, — the seaside with its splashing waves that brought

memories of his tremendous journey.

Nor did he forget the woodland secrets that the hermit had told him. Often he would come running to Raven Wing with hands full of strange and delicious roots that had grown unnoticed and untasted in the woods around them. And in the summer twilight when Little Bear lay beside White Swallow in the cool, tickly grass he would sing her songs made of the hermit's stories.

Then another winter came, and Little Bear thought, "Kabinooka, Keeper of the North Wind, will soon be on his jour-

ney and he will send his messengers before him to harden the water paths, the rivers, so that his white horse may gallop across the land and water. When Kabinooka passes by, I will follow him across the frozen river bearing gifts to my friend upon the island, the wise man of Manhatta."

Shyly he spoke of his desire to Great Wind and of Raven Wing begged gifts to carry with him. And Raven Wing wove a basket of reeds, dyed blue and crimson, and filled it with little cakes of corn and honey. Then she made a belt of softest doeskin, painted with

the juice of berries, and embroidered in threads of golden hemp. And Great Wind made a pair of little snow shoes of willow wood laced with the sinews of a deer, so that Little Bear could go lightly, swiftly over the snow upon his journey.

Soon the snow whirled through the sky and dressed the night in white, while the wind howled through the tepee, but next morning the sun shone bright and still upon an iceclad world.

"Kabinooka has passed by," said the old man of the village.

"Kabinooka has passed by,"

sang Little Bear upon the hilltop. "Let me follow, Father, let me follow."

Great Wind replied:

"We will go together to the banks of the winding river. If the ice is strong you may cross on to the island."

Proudly Little Bear started off with Great Wind, wearing snow shoes like his father and a bow across his shoulder, with his arrows in their quiver. Bound to his back were presents for the hermit.

"Mark well the way, O Little Bear, that you may return in safety," said Great Wind as they sped swiftly over the snow

past the beechwood tree and through the wood, over the hill and beyond the nearby valleys. The boy made memory pictures,—here of a great rock, there of a thorn-apple tree bent weirdly by a summer storm, further on of a frozen waterfall, then another hill, shaped, Little Bear thought, like the back of a turtle. At last they came upon the banks of the winding river.

Great Wind took his spear and struck with the point straight through the ice. The ice made fine lines like the wrinkled forehead of a lady,

but the spear stood upright in the river and Great Wind said,

"The ice will hold you."

Then he gave Little Bear a cake of ground nuts and raised his arm to say farewell, and was gone. But he left his spear to guide Little Bear upon his homeward journey.

Little Bear went happily on across the river, through the little wood where he had been caught in a rabbit trap.

"You won't catch me again," laughed Little Bear, as he ran along the now familiar ways to the cave of the old man.

He had not gone far when he heard a sound of wings flut-

tering in the air. Swiftly drawing out an arrow he sent it upward and brought down a wild goose, delayed too long on its southern flight. As Little Bear ran to pick it up he felt himself a very fine hunter indeed to have so splendid a gift for the old man in the woods.

Before dark he reached the cave. He stopped in the doorway, watching the old man where he sat contented and serene before his little fire. Then the hermit saw the boy, and with a smile he bade him enter. It was as if Little Bear had gone but yesterday. Noth-

ing had changed at all. He laid the gifts at the feet of the old man, who admired greatly the weaving and embroidery of Raven Wing and tasted of the cakes of corn and honey. Then Little Bear gave him his own gift, the wild goose, for his supper. As of old he busied himself preparing the meal while the hermit sat by the fire and told stories of the forest.

Two nights and two days Little Bear stayed with the hermit, then he said he must leave lest Raven Wing grow anxious. The hermit bade him choose of all his bowls of clay one to take with him. There

He chose a round bowl, with picture writing of birds upon it.

were great deep bowls for Great Wind's tobacco, and bowls to hold Raven Wing's ground corn, but the one Little Bear liked best of all was a little round bowl with picture writing of birds upon it, and this one he chose, to take to White Swallow.

He left early in the morning when the sun was like a pale moon in the eastern sky, but before he reached the tepee, the sun was like an angry fire over the western hills. White Swallow ran to welcome him, and Raven Wing helped him take off his snowshoes while he gaily told of the things he had seen and heard.

Chapter XII

Little Bear's life was very like that of all the other Indian boys. He ran and swam and hunted. He helped with the planting and helped with the harvest and when Great Wind left to carry messages he proudly took care of Raven Wing and White Swallow. But every winter, when the river filled with ice and the white horse of Kabinooka crossed the land, Little Bear put on his snow shoes and went the day's

journey to the cave of the hermit.

In the winter that Little Bear was fifteen years old and White Swallow six she begged to go with him.

"You could not go swiftly, you are only a girl. The darkness would overtake us, and a wolf would eat you."

But he could not frighten White Swallow, and since he loved his sister greatly, Little Bear found a way to take her. With a stone hatchet he cut down a small willow, very strong and pliable, and split it in two. Then he smoothed the pieces and polished them with

bear fat until they could go swiftly over the snow. These he bound with deer thongs, lacing them firmly together, and across the center put a board of pine, covered with a bearskin, fur turned outward. At one end he fastened on a rope of twisted hemp. Then he called to White Swallow to come to see her sled. Proudly he tucked her in, until she looked like a snow princess, and Little Bear played he was a prancing buck, drawing her over the snow.

Upon the day of their journey away they went together, going down the hills like fairies of

the wind and running up the hills like two merry elves, drawing the sled after them.

When they came to the hermit's cave they found with him a stranger, a youth of his own tribe, taller than Little Bear and very handsome. The hermit welcomed Little Bear and smiled upon his sister. He told them that the stranger's name was Young Eagle; that he had been ill and that his mother had given him into the hermit's keeping until he should be well. Then in sign language that all Indians understand, though they speak in different tongues, he

bade the three be friends to one another.

And Little Bear bowed his head and clasped his hands together for the sign, "I will be your friend." Young Eagle did the same, but White Swallow bent her eyes to the ground, as became a modest little Indian maiden. But soon Little Bear and White Swallow found to their delight that Young Eagle spoke their language, for in the long nights the old hermit had taught him what he had learned from Little Bear. And now ceremony was forgotten in the gay business of preparing a feast.

Little Bear unpacked a basket of food that Raven Wing had tucked in the sled, while Young Eagle ran to gather firewood, and White Swallow helped him. It was a happy feast and the hermit's cave resounded with unaccustomed chatter and gay laughter, while the old man smiled benignly.

When the night outside was like the inside of a black cloud and very still, the old man raised his voice and the children listened eagerly for they knew the time had come for a story.

"I will tell you," said the old man, "the legend of a little

Indian maiden and a fair youth and the magic things that helped them.

"There lived a magician and a youth named Golden Arrow in a willow grove far to the west. One day in the springtime the old man bade Golden Arrow go sit beside the waterfall and listen for a sound.

"'What sound?' asked the boy.

"But the old man would say no more. The first morning before the sun was up Golden Arrow heard a sound 'Ch-r-ch.' Without waiting any longer he ran home, calling:

"'I have heard it! I have

heard it! I sat by the waterfall and through the air came a sound, 'Ch-r-ch, Ch-r-ch.'

"The old man laughed, 'That was only a snow bird, you must go again tomorrow.'

"The next day Golden Arrow rose even earlier. He heard the singing of the water and the 'Ch-r-ch, Ch-r-ch' of the snow bird. Then he heard a dreadful sound that said, 'Who-o-oah,' from the treetops. Without stopping he ran home, crying, 'I have heard it! I have heard it! It said 'Who-o-oah,' from the treetops.'

"But the magician only an-

swered, 'That was an owl; you have not heard the sound.'

"Again the boy went in the early morning to the waterfall and he listened until he heard the Ch-r-ch—Ch-r-ch of the snow bird and the Who-o-oah of the owl, but he cried: 'You won't fool me this time, O birds of the forest.'

"The sun had crept over the treetop and still Golden Arrow waited, until suddenly he heard the sound of singing and beheld a maiden coming toward him. He took her by the hand and led her wonderingly to the old man. When they came to the hut the maiden drew forth

from her belt a tobacco pouch embroidered in seashells and the pearls of many oysters. She laid this at the foot of the magician, but said nothing. Then the old man took a bag of spotted doeskin and drew from it a stuffed redbird. He put the stuffed bird on his head, and lo! it spread its wings and was alive. Then he drew forth two dead wrens and they fluttered their wings and flew around him. The lad had never seen such wonders and was rendered speechless with surprise, but the maiden bowed low, sang again her strange song, and was gone.

"Golden Arrow would have followed her, but the magician held him back.

" 'When you are a man, then you may seek the maiden to the east and to the southward, and the magic birds will lead you.'

"The months passed slowly enough to the impatient youth, but at last, when the seasons had followed one another until the endless procession brought the spring again, Golden Arrow was ready for his journey. The old man drew forth the bag of spotted doeskin and gave it to the boy. Golden Arrow put the redbird on his head and it

fluttered its wings. He drew forth the two little wrens and they flew before him in the way that he should go.

"'The birds will guide you on your journey, but take care that you speak to no man on your way,' said the magician, bidding him farewell.

"Golden Arrow ran through the forest until he came to a great hill. The rocks were too steep to climb, but the redbird fluttered her wings and he found himself lifted in the air until he was brought to rest on the mountain top. As the sun was setting, he determined to stop here for the night. He

put the redbird and the little wrens in the spotted doeskin bag, and they appeared dead as before.

"Then, just as he was feeling hungry, there appeared a man before him with a brace of rabbits in his belt.

" 'Will you share my supper, O traveller?' said the man.

"Golden Arrow forgot the warning of the old one and remembering only that he was very hungry, he thanked the stranger, and together they prepared to build a fire. When the fire was blazing Golden Arrow saw by its light that his companion was very ugly, but

still he thought no evil and ate heartily of the rabbits.

"No sooner had he eaten, however, than he fell into a deep sleep. The ugly stranger seized the doeskin bag, threw hot ashes over the poor lad, and ran away. The boy woke in great pain. Too late he remembered the warning of the old man. Without the birds to lead him he did not know where to go, but wandered disconsolate over the land.

"At last he found himself in a cornfield near a large village. He sank down, quite worn out, and would have died but that a maiden wandering in the

A maiden found him and brought him water to drink and food from her father's fire.

field found him and brought him water to drink and food from her father's fire. She spoke to him gently and asked him whence he had come. He told her of his adventures,—how he had set out to seek the fair maiden, with the redbird and the wrens to guide him; how the ugly man had robbed him of his magic birds, so that he could not find the maiden. Then the girl said:

"'I am the one you seek, but alas! the ugly one has come to claim me for his bride, and since he had the magic doeskin bag my father has promised that I shall wed him.'

"Then Golden Arrow cried out:

" 'Alas that the birds should lead so wicked a man!'

"The maiden answered:

" 'But they do not. They lie cold and dead in the doeskin bag, and when my father asks to see them perform their works of magic, the ugly one says they will become alive and powerful on the day that we are wed.'

"Then Golden Arrow felt a gleam of hope, and he bade the maiden call the villagers together, and he went among them and told all that had befallen him. The ugly one

scoffed and would have beaten the lad and driven him away but Golden Arrow touched the doeskin bag and the redbird flew out and perched upon his head and the little wrens fluttered to his shoulders. Then the father of the maiden knew Golden Arrow to be the true bridegroom, and they were married amid feasting and happiness."

"Did they kill the ugly one?" asked Young Eagle.

The hermit smoked his pipe in silence for a moment, then he said:

"When they turned to look for him he had disappeared

and where he had stood was a bent and gnarled old pear-tree no one remembered having seen before."

"What became of the magic birds?" asked Little Bear.

"They led Golden Arrow and his bride to a beautiful valley where a tepee was ready for them, and growing fields of ripened corn. That night in the starlight Golden Arrow heard a fluttering in the doe-skin bag and suddenly the air was filled with whirring wings. Golden Arrow saw the birds fly far away up in the sky, where they became stars, one red star and two golden twinkling stars.

But in his hand he found a feather from the redbird's wing."

Then the hermit turned to White Swallow, but she had no question to ask, because she had fallen fast asleep.

The next morning Little Bear made ready for the homeward journey. He bade the hermit farewell, tucked White Swallow snugly in the bearskin and was just ready to start off when Young Eagle came running with a gift for the little girl: a little white dog with a black nose. Silently he held it out to her, and shyly she reached to take it, but when

Little Bear put the rope over his shoulders, and they were off, White Swallow, Puppy, and all.

she felt the warm, cuddly little thing in her arms she laughed for joy. Then Little Bear put the rope over his shoulders and they were off, White Swallow, puppy, and all.

Chapter XIII

The winter had scarcely gone when Great Wind called Little Bear to him and said:

"You must bid farewell to childish things. The time has come for my son to enter on his fast."

Little Bear had seen many other boys go apart from their playmates to some lonely place to fast in the hope the Great Spirit would appear to them in a vision. He had seen them return ready to enter the tribal feasting and hunting and fight-

ing, no longer boys but young men.

Eagerly he made ready, gave away his toys, the little treasures of the sea and forest; gave them all to White Swallow who received them gladly and yet perhaps a little sadly as she thought of her companion who would wear the warpaint of a warrior and have no time to play with her. Quietly at her feet lay her little white dog. She talked to him softly:

"The spring will come but we must run alone to greet her in the woods, for Little Bear will be fighting and singing songs of battle. Squirrels will

call their friend but he will answer with a stone-tipped arrow, needing food. The waves will sing and laugh with us but Little Bear will not be on the shore to answer; he must fish in silence with the fishers bold. Little white dog, do not leave me. Do not grow up and go from me, like Little Bear, who will have no time to play."

Little Bear walked swiftly, thinking not at all of the pleasures he was leaving but only of the days before him. He walked to the northward and then he turned toward the rising sun and climbed the Hill

of Thunder, whose great gray rocks tower over the waves of the sea. The hill was steep but Little Bear climbed nimbly from one rock to the other until he stood upon the very top. There by the side of a moss-grown boulder he began his fast. He knew that he must stand very still without food or drink, forgetting earthly things, to make ready for the vision to come to him. His eyes wandered over the scene before him. The country was very beautiful, with wild witch hazel bushes like sunbeams, and pussy willows gray and warm. Hepaticas grew at Little Bear's

feet and he could smell the moist, pungent earth, touched by the welcome sun. Down in the valley an early dogwood tree had put forth shining blossoms and a blue bird sang his first song.

Suddenly Little Bear's keen eyes perceived three figures moving in the northern valley. As they went slyly from tree to tree he could see that they wore the feathers of warriors and carried spears and tomahawks. Nearer and nearer they came, up the mountain side.

Little Bear thought, "They are of the Black Tree tribe, fierce and cruel enemies of our

people. Surely if they see me they will take me captive."

But he did not move or show any sign of fear. Silently he waited, expecting at any moment to feel their hands upon him, but determined to show how a brave boy could keep the spirit of his fast.

But crossing the valley was Black Wolf, chief warrior of Little Bear's clan, going to fish in the big water under the hill. He saw the fighters creeping upon Little Bear and raised his mighty bow to his shoulder. All at once the boy heard a cry of pain, and the crackle of falling stones and beheld the

three running back to the northward, back toward their own lands, followed by Black Wolf's arrows.

Still Little Bear did not move or make a sign of joy, but patiently waited whatever should befall him. The little animals came to where he stood in silence, rabbits and squirrels and a red fox with a bushy tail. Unafraid they played around him and he was watchful of their habits and stored his mind with many pictures, and hunger came to him as he watched, but still he did not move or break his fast.

The sun had early faltered

in his march across the sky and crept under a cloud, and now rain began to fall. It grew cold and dark and the rain fell unceasingly. Little Bear remembered the first night he had spent alone on the island so long ago; thought of the friendly stars and the pleasant fire and the bits of squirrel meat roasted on it. There were no stars tonight and the cold rain drenched him, but he remained unmoving.

All night long he watched, until the gray day dawned without a sun and the storm raged unabated. The hours seemed endless, but at last night began

to creep again over the hillside where the boy watched, very weary from his long vigil; very faint from his long fast. In the ceaseless rain, blown against Little Bear by great gusts of wind, shadows began to take strange forms, and it seemed to Little Bear that he was in the midst of an angry flood, and that a huge warrior rose out of the flood, and rushed toward him, saying: "I am the Spirit of Angry Waters, I will slay you, Little Bear."

Then Little Bear, with a great cry, flung himself upon the gray, shadowy form and fought with him. All through

the night they fought, until in the early dawn Little Bear, growing ever fainter and weaker, was about to be overcome by the powerful Spirit of Angry Waters, when a bird, larger than a gull, with wings of scarlet, circling in the air above the fighters and beating his wings like thunder, darted down and touched the boy's drooping shoulders. At once Little Bear felt strong again, stronger than ever before, and with one great blow he struck down the Spirit of Angry Waters. The bird gave a shrill cry and flew out over the waters of the sea until the

red of his wings was one with the red of the rising sun.

Little Bear sank to the ground in a peaceful sleep, and when he woke the sun was high in the sky, and the day warm as mid-spring. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him, not yet remembering where he was. Upon the ground beside him lay a scarlet feather. When he saw it, Little Bear remembered, knew that he had seen the vision, knew his watch was over. Hurriedly he set about to build a fire to show his fast was over, singing as he gathered fagots, kept dry in

crevices of huge stones, singing a song of his exploits.

"I am Little Bear the Traveller.
I have overcome the Angry Waters.
I have won the favor of the Sea Bird.
In my hair I wear his feather.
Courageous, bold, and swift the Sea Bird.
In my hair I wear his feather."

Carefully Little Bear laid the twigs on one another. He had brought with him his father's flint, and soon had struck sparks to fire the wood. As the first red flame leaped up-

ward, Raven Wing, who from the tepee had watched unceasingly for this sign of safety, cried out in joy; and Great Wind went to meet his son. On his way he called upon the people of the village to come to join the games and feasting, to rejoice with him that Little Bear had become a man.

Raven Wing prepared baskets full of cakes, made of ground corn, sweetened with fresh maple sugar, and filled with nuts from winter's store. She roasted oysters in their silvery shells, and prepared a great pot of deer meat. White Swallow stood by and helped

to stir, for already Raven Wing was teaching her the household secrets of her tribe.

They brought out the bowls of Great Wind's tobacco and pipes of fired clay, and they hurried here and there, the little dog barking at their heels, until they saw Great Wind coming with Little Bear at his side. White Swallow chose a cake, of finest corn, and ran with it to Little Bear, and swiftly from the spring brought a gourd of cool, clear water, and eagerly served him with the choicest foods, to break his fast.

Then came the warriors from

the village, led by Lone Pine, the Chief, and Silver Voice, the Medicine Man. Great was the feasting and rejoicing, while Raven Wing served the warriors and little White Swallow helped her with maidenly modesty and downcast eyes. At last the Medicine Man rose, and with much show of magic called on Little Bear to tell his new name. For it is a custom among the Indians to give themselves names to mark the great events in their lives. As when Little Bear was lost and returned with the white swallow and Great Wind gave him the name of Traveller, and told

the story of his journey, so now Little Bear in a long and lusty song told of his fasting, and bade them call him Sea Bird.

"I have won the favor of the
Sea Bird,
In my hair I wear his feather.
Courageous, bold and swift the
Sea Bird.
In my hair I wear his feather."

Then the Medicine Man took up the cry:

"Let him be called Sea Bird,
In his hair he wears the
feather."

And Lone Pine spoke:

"Welcome Sea Bird, welcome to the ranks of the warriors."

And the young men cried:

"Welcome to our games and hunting!"

While the old men smoked their pipes of clay, the young ones challenged Little Bear to trials of strength and courage. And from that day Little Bear was of the ranks of the warriors, and fought and hunted with the men.

He was strong and tireless, keen-eyed in the forest, often bringing down the snarling bear and slinking wolf. Little animals he never killed except

for food, and he kept always his love of the birds of the forest and grew ever wiser in the ways of the forest. He fought without fear and boldly, so that as the seasons followed one another he became one of the leaders of the young men, honored by Lone Pine, the Chief. But most of all Little Bear loved the water, and of all the tribe he could swim the farthest.

Chapter XIV

One day Little Bear killed a spotted fawn and the skin he brought to White Swallow, and she made a skirt of it, soft and fine and very beautiful. When she wore the skirt on feast days, walking sedately among the people, with her dog always beside her, there was no maiden fairer.

Then came the year of the great wars, the black year that the Medicine Men still sing of at the council rock. The warriors fought to the north and

they fought to the west, to the very brink of the great cliff river they fought, and Little Bear was first to creep upon the waiting foe and many a fierce fighter was pierced with his red tipped arrow.

Sweet were the days of victory when they set the grass afire to send the message of their return and all the old men and maidens came out to meet them and at the feasting listened to the songs of their great exploits. There were wooings too and weddings, and many a youth carried gifts to the tepee on the hill where White Swallow walked with her

faithful dog; but no one of all the suitors won her.

"You must wait," said Great Wind to the young men. "White Swallow will remain yet awhile a maiden ere she become a wife and worker."

White Swallow smiled and made no answer. But often in the twilight she thought of the youth she had seen so long ago at the hermit's cave, Young Eagle who had given her her dog, her dear companion, old now and large and strong as a wolf.

Wooing time was brief in the black year of the wars. Soon there came another call

from Lone Pine, and amid the beating of the tomtoms the warriors painted themselves again with yellow earth and white clay, and again set forth to battle.

But this time Little Bear was not in the forefront of the warriors, did not blithely wave his spear and bid the rest to follow, for the way led to the southward, to the ancient hermit's island, and his heart was heavy at the thought that he must fight the tribe of his protector and friend.

The other warriors had no such thoughts to stay their steps but at noon they came

upon the river. Pushing boldly through the brushwood, they were met by falling arrows and saw, too late, that the river was aswarm with elm bark canoes.

Then Little Bear had need to forget his ancient friendship, and fought with skill and cunning at the side of Lone Pine. When an eagle-feathered arrow pierced the chieftain's side, Little Bear was the first to reach him, and pulled the arrow from the wound, and, with the help of Black Wolf, half led, half carried the wounded leader back along the way that they had come.

At the sight of Lone Pine being taken wounded from the battle his warriors cried out fiercely and fought with increasing valor, laying aside arrows for tomahawk and spear. At last toward evening they had killed many of the enemy, and taken captive some of them. Joyfully they set fire to the grass, to send the message of their triumphant return.

Chapter XV

But when the warriors came into the village they found no feasting or rejoicing, for the wounded chief lay in his tepee and all the magic of Silver Voice could not cure his wound.

Lone Pine feebly called for Great Wind, his messenger, and bade him seek the four powerful Medicine Men of the North to make him well again. After a day these four arrived, bearing magic bags and rattles of curiously shaped gourds and a

drum of elk's skin, to drive out the sickness. The people gathered together to see them perform their works of magic.

First they smoked the pipe of peace, sending with the rising smoke loud prayers to the Great Spirit. Then beating upon the drum the first one spread a salve of pounded herbs upon the wound and cried to Lone Pine to rise from his bed. But Lone Pine could not.

Then the second Medicine Man approached the chief. Taking from his belt a hollow bone he pressed it to the wound and sucked through it very

hard. Then he too bade the sick man rise, saying:

"I have drawn the cause of the pain from you." But Lone Pine was no better than before.

With much beating of drums and waving of rattles and great words of magic the third Medicine Man took his bag of snake skin and from it drew a magic powder. With this be brewed a liquid, which he gave to Lone Pine, saying:

"Rise up from your couch of pain." And Lone Pine did indeed try to rise, but could not.

Then stepped forth the last and greatest Medicine Man.

After long prayer and mystic dancing this one cried:

"Bring here the captives from the battle."

Some went to fetch the captives where they waited, and, darkness having come on, others put more wood on the fire. Soon they brought the captives, twelve strong warriors, weaponless and bound. As they led them to the Medicine Man, waiting by the crimson flame, Little Bear whispered to White Swallow standing near:

"Look, Little Sister, at the foremost captive. Is it not Young Eagle, whom we knew at the hermit's cave?"

It was indeed Young Eagle, and eagerly he searched the crowd of strange faces until his eyes rested on one he knew. It was not Little Bear, the warrior, whom he sought in the firelight, but the figure of the maiden at his side. Nor did his eye fail to see the white dog standing near her. But before either of them could make a sign, the Medicine Man began again to beat his dreadful drum, and solemnly spoke aloud these words:

"The Great Spirit declares the captives must be burned. When tomorrow's sun is midway in the sky let the smoke

of your fires rise;— and with the flames will ascend the pain from Lone Pine's wound, and he will walk again."

So saying, the Medicine Man gathered up his magic symbols; and gathering up also the generous gifts of Lone Pine, he and his three companions returned to their lodge in the north.

Solemnly the captives were led away and bound each upright to a tree, to await the morrow.

Chapter XVI

Filled with pity at the thought of the dreadful fate awaiting Young Eagle and his companions, White Swallow hastened secretly to where Young Eagle was bound. When he saw her standing near him, he dropped his eyes and said:

"I thought to come bearing gifts to woo you, and now my hands are empty and bound."

"I will cut your bonds," whispered White Swallow quickly.

But Young Eagle answered:

"I must die with my companions, if indeed they must die. If I but had the medicine with which my father was cured when he lay pierced by the tusks of a wild boar it would heal Chief Lone Pine's wounds and he would walk again among his people."

White Swallow asked:

"Where is this medicine to be found that works such marvelous cure?"

"In the cave of the hermit."

White Swallow scarcely stopped to answer, but ran as fast as she could to find Little Bear. She drew him aside

from his companions and told him what she had learned.

"You must go with the wings of a bird, O Brother, and swim faster than the sword-fish. Go to the island and return before tomorrow's sun is in mid-sky."

Little Bear only answered:

"Long ago we made the sign of friendship, Young Eagle and I. Little Bear will try to save his friend."

Swiftly he started, like a young deer of the forest, silently he ran like a shadow moving in the moonlight, scarcely stopping until he reached the winding river. The

still summer air was soft and warm upon the river and Little Bear paused but a moment before diving into the pleasant water.

So quickly had he come that the night was hardly spent before he reached the hermit's cave. Though Little Bear had not seen the old man for many winters he could not stop for greeting, but pantingly poured forth his errand. The hermit filled a gourd with the medicine, and over the opening bound oak leaves, and also gave to Little Bear a salve for healing. But of the medicine he said:

"Give the sick man at one time only so much as will go in the cup of an acorn, for it is marvelously strong; and see that no water enters the gourd on your homeward way."

Little Bear would have gone without food or rest but the hermit made him eat a cake of pounded nuts and drink tea made from delicate herbs. When the first rays of the sun turned the sky to gold Little Bear would rest no longer but set off, running more swiftly than before.

When he reached the river bank he remembered the warning of the hermit that no water

must enter the gourd. He measured the distance to the farther bank with his eye—a long way to swim with one arm but Little Bear knew that he must try. Holding the gourd of precious liquid in his left hand, he slid into the cooling water, and began to swim.

Before he was half way across, lightning flashed and a clap of thunder ushered in a sudden summer storm. No rain fell but the wind beat upon the waters until they rose angrily about the brave swimmer. Little Bear struggled forward, but handicapped as he was he could make no head-

way, and the high waves beat him back. Twice he felt himself being drawn beneath the waters and had to put forth all of his strength to keep himself afloat, and the gourd above the water. Still the winds rose and the waves rolled higher, and Little Bear was about to be sent beneath the waters when suddenly he heard overhead the whirr of wings, and a strange sea bird with scarlet wings appeared before him, flying over the water.

When he saw the bird the memory of his vision came to him, and he thought:

"I am Little Bear the Traveller,
I am Sea Bird, who conquers
Angry Waters.
I will fight the stormy river,
And breast the swiftly flowing
waters,
I will safely reach the shore."

With strength and courage Little Bear surged forward through the waves. Suddenly —as suddenly as it had come— the summer storm swept onward, the wind died down and a calm fell on the water. Little Bear, his strength returning,

soon reached the other shore.

Spent as he was, Little Bear dared not rest but staggered on toward the village. It seemed to him the sun had never before made such haste in its journey, yet ere it had reached mid-sky Little Bear beheld the village, and from the edge of the forest White Swallow came running toward him. Taking the gourd she ran with it to Young Eagle, while Little Bear threw himself upon the green earth to rest. After a little while he followed and when he came to the council rock, the people were gathered there to see the captives burned.

Indeed the fires were made ready and Lone Pine had been carried to the spot, and now lay upon a bed of bearskins, still suffering in silent pain. Before him stood Young Eagle, offering to him the medicine. But Silver Voice the Medicine Man said scornfully:

"If I could not cure the wound, and Four Great Medicine Men from the North could not, what can you do, who are about to die?"

Then Little Bear spoke:

"Accept the offering of the captive, O Lone Pine. I have swum the river in angry waters to bring the medicine from a

wise man known to Young Eagle, the captive, and to me."

Now Lone Pine loved Little Bear and trusted him. So he said:

"I will try the medicine. If before the sun has completed his journey across the sky I can walk again, these warriors need not die; but if this burning wound still sends fires through my body, then must the words of the Great Medicine Man of the North be fulfilled."

Young Eagle poured out as much of the medicine as the cup of an acorn would hold, and gave it to Lone Pine.

Then Little Bear took the salve from out his quiver, and spread it upon the wound. The sun continued his deliberate march across the sky, caring not at all for the anxious hearts below. All afternoon the people waited at the council rock, while Young Eagle and Little Bear sought to heal the stricken chief, where he lay.

The shadows lengthened and the sun became a red ball in the west, when suddenly Lone Pine rose from his couch and walked unaided to the council rock. Great was the rejoicing when his people saw him coming. He sat by the council

rock with his warriors all about him, and silently he smoked his pipe. Then he called for Young Eagle and to him offered the pipe of peace, saying:

"How may I reward you? What wampum will you ask, and other gifts?"

But Young Eagle answered: "No wampum nor gifts do I ask, but only freedom for my companions that they may return to the homes of their fathers. And for myself, your favor to woo White Swallow, Great Wind's daughter."

"All is granted," said Lone Pine, bidding men to free the captives, "and from the down-

cast eyes of the Maiden with the White Dog, I should say your suit is welcome. I myself will send the gifts customary to be offered." Then he turned to Great Wind, standing proudly by his son.

"You are old and wise, Oh Great Wind. I would have you always by me in the tribal councils, not away on distant and dangerous journeys. Give your wampum belt, the belt of Lone Pine's messenger, to your son beside you, to Sea Bird whom we long loved as Little Bear."

Then the people built another fire, and upon it roasted a

whole young buck, so that the air was filled with the delicious smell of roasted deer. Happily they feasted, and greatly honored were Little Bear and Young Eagle, the bridegroom.

But when the night sun, the moon, came out, and lighted the pathway with a silver light, Young Eagle walked hand in hand with White Swallow through the woods and up the hill to the tepee which would henceforward be their home.

THE END.

WHITE SWALLOW

This is the story of a little Indian girl and her brother. You will read about their home and their work and play. Maybe you will want to read about some of these things a second time. You can find the right page by using this index. (The numbers in italics refer to pictures.)

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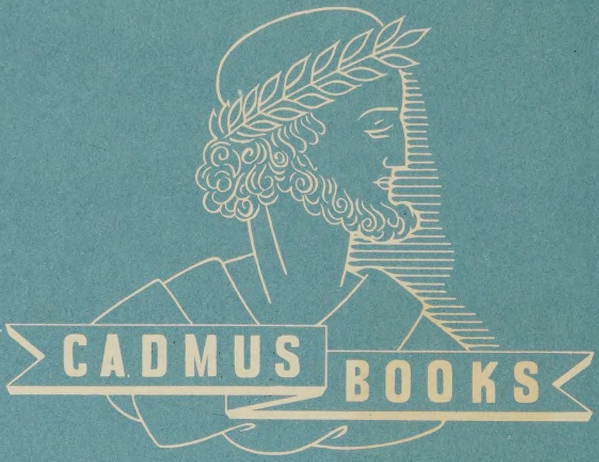
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